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WEDNESDAY
JANUARY 6, 1954

Sunny on the mountain tops this morning but gray down here in the valley. The village is infested with wolfhounds who terrify Bru and Carlos.

We left them at home this morning and mounted by cable chain car, a quaint conveyance, to the summit of a mountain where the Hotel Bellevue maintains a chalet. There we lunched and later lay in deck chairs in the bright sun until it dimmed and the cold drove us back to the shelter of the valley. It is delicious up there and one can eat dishes broiled over a wood fire. The skiers are full of grace and abandon, especially the children. I had a serious go on skis years ago at St. Moritz in the course of which I found myself unexpectedly sailing into the air over one of the championship jumps. I fell to earth without damage. Now I fear to trust my brittle old bones to this exciting pleasure. Collarbones, spinal vertebrae, and arms I have broken, but never a leg.

Had fifteen minutes of bath - a lukewarm soak, this afternoon, then back to the Regent, whom I polished off late tonight.

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